

WOMAN AND HOME.

A DRESDEN LUNCHEON.

It is all the vogue for springtime entertainments—a delightful combination of the dainty with the elegant—Every Dish, Cup or Saucer Used Must Be of Genuine Dresden China.

A very dainty and flowery style of luncheon is the vogue for springtime entertainments, and into its scheme enter all the features, each and every one, of the pretty table and its setting forth. This is known as the Dresden luncheon.

First of all it is imperative that the menu be as simple and limited as good taste will allow.

Five courses, or six, including coffee, are now considered sufficient for the most elegant and formal luncheon party. A hostess bears in mind that it is supposedly a slight midday meal that she is serving to guests who have breakfasted late and whose dinner in the evening will be more or less elaborate and substantial.

Bouillon, game, an entree, a salad, dessert and coffee, is the accepted menu.

With this most sensible innovation of simplicity care is taken that the appointments of service and table decoration are as light and dainty as the repast. That they are very handsome and exquisite in detail does not mean that the effect of simplicity is not secured in perfection.

The Dresden luncheon is considered to combine the dainty with the elegant more delightfully than any other design of artistic entertainments yet seen. The keynote is the blending everywhere upon the table of the delicate Dresden china colors, blue, pink, yellow and violet.

The fine flowers seen upon the royal china are scattered in embroidery over the linen centerpiece; on this stands a Dresden bowl holding an old-fashioned nosegay of pink roses, hot-house daisies with their yellow centers, pansies and heliotrope. These are tied



NAME CARDS FOR A DRESDEN LUNCHEON.

loosely together with a bow of blue ribbon, which gives the needed touch of that color, unless one is able to get natural forget-me-nots or some other fine blue flowers, like scillas. A few airy and smaller bunches of the same flowers, in little cut-glass stands, are placed about the table.

The candelabra have pink rose shades.

The finger-bowl mats are embroidered to match the Dresden flower centerpiece, and floating in the water of the bowls are the different flowers; a few rose petals in one, a daisy in another and a pansy in another until each has one.

Every cup, saucer, plate or dish used is of Dresden china, the greater the variety of their shapes the prettier.

The ice cream is served in small satin cases, in the different pale colors, blue, pink, violet and yellow. When boxes in these colors cannot be procured plain white is used. On the top of each is tied a little bunch of satin flowers composed of tiny pink rosebuds, blue forget-me-nots, a daisy, a bit of heliotrope, or a few violets.

At the place of each guest is a name-card, done in the Dresden design. The cards are made of water-colors paper and the design painted in water color. The color of the painted ribbon bows in the designs given varies in the different cards in blue, pink, yellow and violet, and where the loop and end extend over the edge they are cut out, making the ribbon look more realistic.

The sign of all Dresden ware from the royal factories is the tiny blue crossed swords on the reverse or bottom of the dish, without which no piece is genuine; so on the back of the cards one must be sure to paint the sword sign in just the right shade of old blue, thus making complete the idea of a veritable feast of royal Dresden.

A very new and pretty design for name-cards at these luncheons is the violet one shown in the second picture. A plain white or cream square envelope is used for this card. Where the name is to be seen an opening like that of a picture frame is cut through the face of the envelope, a line of narrow gilding finishing the edge. The name of the guest is written on a plain card and put inside the envelope so as to show through the opening.

Some other small graceful flower in place of the violet is sometimes painted on it with good effect; and if one color, as yellow, for instance, predominates in the table decorations, a design of jonquils or buttercups is chosen.

A cardboard card is tied at the top of these envelope cards by a narrow ribbon caught through two little slits in the envelope over the one in the rest itself. They are then stood around the table like dainty little picture frames, which in reality they are, making the most charming souvenirs when taken home and a small photograph substituted for the card with the name on it.

It would be difficult to conceive a more spring-like picture than this dainty Dresden table, surrounded by pretty girls in light flower-like toilets fluttering with the laces and ribbons of the present modes.—Judith Carrington, in Chicago Record.

THE BICYCLE DRESS.

How Comfort May Easily Be United with Appropriateness.

So much has been said and written upon proper dress for women who ride the wheel that anyone who is not a practical cyclist might be pardoned a feeling of bewilderment. French, English and American papers have all had a great deal to say upon this much-discussed question, some of them ad-



A PARIS BICYCLING COSTUME.

vocating extremes that would be more appropriate for an opera bouffe queen than for a sensible woman who wished to take her exercise in a sensible manner.

The underlying principles of correct dress for the wheel are comfort and appropriateness. The carrying out of these principles need in no sense conflict with good taste or merge into conspicuousness.

There is perfect freedom in a skirt, provided the skirt is made as it should be.

The woman who rides is obliged not only to dress with due regard to her appearance when mounted, but also should exercise the same care in regard to an attractive and inconspicuous appearance when she dismounts at the door of her friend's house, the store, or to enter a hotel, or wherever her faithful wheel may take her, on business or pleasure bound.

The fundamental principal of comfort for a wheelwoman lies in the underwear. Corsets should never be worn under any circumstances. Neither is it desirable to ride without any support for the body, especially if the rider is inclined to stoutness. An equisite waist from which the bones have been removed is the best substitute for the corset, as then the muscles are allowed to have full play, and are not constricted in any way. Union underwear is now so universally worn that it would seem almost unnecessary to recommend it; but upon the wheel it becomes almost a necessity, doing away with much unpleasant thick-ness around the hips.

A pair of full Turkish trousers, made of black India silk, will be found an admirable substitute for the petticoat.

If preferred, equestrian tights are also extremely comfortable. Leggings are stiff and uncomfortable adjuncts, and are not necessary. They interfere with the "ankle motion," which should be cultivated by every woman who wishes to ride gracefully.

For summer wear, low shoes and ankles covered with smooth black stockings are the most comfortable.

The form of the skirt is by far the most important part of the wheelwoman's attire. It should flare from the hips, so as not to "hoop" around the ankles or bind across the knees.

The skirt should clear the ground about four inches, and be lined with silk or satin to prevent clinging. An Eton jacket or habit waist, as one prefers, makes a natty and feminine adjunct to the skirt. This can be exchanged on warm days for the ever-popular shirt waist of cambric or silk.

Given a wheel properly adjusted for her height and weight and a few general directions in regard to dress, any woman with ordinary intelligence and taste may rest assured that in riding a cycle she is doing nothing which detracts from her dignity or personal appearance, but on the contrary, she can, by exercising her good taste and never losing sight of the principle of appropriateness, soon find herself in the full enjoyment of a pastime not only unsurpassed for its life-giving qualities, but which will prove itself to be a veritable fountain of beauty.—Harper's Bazar.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

FISH netting makes pretty and serviceable draperies in a country house.

STALE crackers are improved by placing in a hot oven a few minutes before serving.

A PECK of fresh lime in a damp cellar absorbs moisture and prevents malarious troubles.

STAND a wet umbrella on the handle to drain, otherwise the water collecting at the center will rot the silk.

HALF a teaspoonful of sugar scattered over a dying fire is better than kerosene, and has no element of danger.

IVORY knife handles that have grown yellow with age or careless usage may be whitened by rubbing with sand-paper.

A LARGE rug of linen crash placed under the sewing machine will catch threads, clippings and cuttings, and save a deal of sweeping and dusting.

KID gloves may be cleaned, when slightly soiled, with a small piece of oiled silk wound tightly about the finger, and rubbed vigorously over the surface of the glove.—Good House-keeping.

Trying an Experiment.

A prominent Houston journalist recently applied for the fifth or sixth time to a wealthy friend for a temporary loan.

"Don't you know," was the reply, "that it is very painful to be always lending money?"

"No, I didn't know that," replied the journalist; "I never did anything of the kind in my life, but if you will let me have twenty dollars, I'll lend some feller a nickel just to see if what you say is so."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Beyond His Limit.

Featherstone—I suppose, Harold, you are very fond of your brave father, the hero of so many battles?

Harold Leadenhail (son of the general)—Yes, sir.

Featherstone—Is he home?

Harold—No, sir. He went out this morning to give mamma a chance to discharge the cook.—Truth.

In Proportion to His Means.

Prospective Guest—What are your weekly rates?

Hotel Clerk—Twenty dollars for table board.

Prospective Guest—At that rate I'll take a toothpick, please.—Hullo.

Well Informed.

Teacher—Boy, what is a peninsula?

Boy—A point of land extending into the water.

Teacher—Good! What is a strait?

Boy—Ace, king, queen, jack and ten-spot.—N. Y. World.

Equal to the Emergency.

She said: "I cannot kiss you, sir."

While to her cheeks the color flew.

"Well, never mind," he said to her;

"You just keep still and I'll kiss you."—N. Y. Press.

A Good Squeezer.

Mildred—I believe Jack Scribble is a member of the Press club.

Millicent—He must be, to judge by his actions with Mabel in the conservatory last evening.—N. Y. World.

Close.

Wiggins—And do you think that Skinfint is a miser?

Drump—Miser! Why, that man would propose to a woman by postal card.—Truth.

The Conundrum.

When a burglar asks the conundrum: "Where's your money?" it is generally the wisest plan to give it up.—Pick-Me-Up.

"I don't believe it," replied Miss Giddey. "It's all your imagination; and you forget that you were young yourself once."—Judge.

Medical Attention.

There was a light on a street in New York. A crowd gathered around a prostrate man. A kind-hearted gentleman examined the wound and said:

"For Heaven's sake, send quickly for a doctor; the man is not quite dead yet!"—Texas Siftings.

Something She Would Stop At.

"I don't believe that horrid Miss Bolton would stop at anything."

Bob—Did you ever try her with a soda fountain?—Inter-Ocean.

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Elderly—So you would like to become my son-in-law?

Stalicate—Yes, sir, if you can afford it.—Town Topics.

"Tell me, Miss Elvira, who was the greatest conqueror of all epochs?"

"Don Juan."—Fliegende Blätter.

To Encourage Literature.

Miss Blocker—I'm so interested in our reading club. I wasn't at first, but I never miss a meeting now.

Miss Beacon—What are you reading?

Miss Blocker—Well, we're not reading anything at present. We're making preparations to give a dance.—Puck.

As Well as His Wrongs.

"Even an Injun," said the noble red man of the forest, preparing to join in the ghost dance, "has rites which the white man is bound to respect."—Chicago Tribune.

In New England.

Miss Oldie—Mr. Schoolton, what does "amo" mean?

Mr. S.—I love.

Miss Oldie—Oh, Mr. Schoolton, this is so sudden. You must ask papa.—Detroit Free Press.

A Slander to the Tribe.

Bilks—Why did you reprove me for saying just now that Soakers drinks like a fish?

Jilkens—Because fish don't drink more than they need.—Chicago Record.

She Was Waiting.

"I've been awake all night. I haven't closed my eyes," remarked the rich old man who had married a young widow.

"Then mamma would get a new silk dress," said the widow's little girl by a former marriage.

"What do you mean?" asked the venerable stepfather.

"I heard her say as soon as you closed your eyes she was going to have a new silk dress and diamonds and things."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

The Difference.

Five-year-old Flossie had been battling with her mother all day. "There, child," said the latter, putting the child to bed, "sleep well, and don't be so cross when you wake up." "I notice," retorted little Flossie, "when it's me you say 'cross' when it's you you say 'nervous'."—Pearson's Weekly.

Needless Regrets.

Boy—Want any stamps?

Stamp Collector (looking them over) You have no stamps that I want, I am sorry to say, very sorry.

Boy (generously)—Oh, don't worry about that, mister. It's all right.

Some other fool will buy 'em.—Good News.

One of Two Reasons.

Mrs. Gradley—I saw young Bingley on the street to-day. He was drunk; and you know he hadn't touched a drop since he promised to reform for Clara Jenkins' sake. That cruel girl has broken the engagement, or else—

Mr. Gradley—Married him!—Puck.

Her Feelings Find Vent.

"Mr. Editor," wrote the soulful maiden, "here are some verses I have written to express my deep grief over the loss of my pet canary. If you think they are worthy of publication please send me two dollars for them."—Chicago Tribune.

An Impulse of Revenge.

Hobbs—Why didn't you holler to that man when you saw that piece of falling scantling was going to give him a thump?

Nobbs (grimly)—He's my dentist—had just finished working on me.—Chicago Record.

The Casual Stroller.

Soon 'mid the rocks upon the shore.

With grief that pierces through you,

You'll hear those echoed words once more:

"I'll be a sister to you."—Washington Star.



A WIFE'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

WIFE—George, my hands are full; can't I tie this bird-cage to your coat button?

Paying the Penalty.

Mr. Workhardt—My dear, I have lost my situation, and it just happens that I haven't a dollar ahead. We must go to the poor house for dinner.

Mrs. W.—Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us?

Mr. W. (sadly)—No, I have no credit anywhere. I always paid cash.—N. Y. Weekly.

He Knew His Business.

Proprietor (of the shoe store)—Before I take you into my employ as clerk let me ask you one question: What do you know about the No. 2 size of ladies' shoes?

Applicant (promptly)—There are seventeen sizes of No. 2 shoes.

Proprietor—Engaged!—Chicago Record.

Either Will Do.

"So you are determined on a journey to the north pole?"

"I am."

"Going out with the next expedition?"

"No; I shall go out with the party that is to rescue the next expedition."—N. Y. Press.

A BICYCLE MEET.

George—I have been invited to a flower party at the Pinkies'. What's it about?

Jack—That's one of the notions new this season. It's a new form of birthday party. Each guest must send Miss Pinkie a bouquet containing as many flowers as she is years old, and the flowers must have a meaning. Study up on the language of flowers before ordering.

Florist's Boy (a few hours later)—A gentleman left an order for twenty of these flowers, to be sent to the Pinkies with his card.

Florist—He's one of my best customers. Add eight or ten more for good measure.—N. Y. Weekly.

Kindly Advice.

"Which side would you advise a young poet to take?"

"Suicide."—N. Y. World.

SHE KNEW A THING OR TWO.

Hungry Higgins—I just called to ask, mum, what makes all the trees around here lean in the same direction?

Farmer's Wife—I guess it's the steady wind does it.

Hungry Higgins—I guess that's what's the matter with me. I ain't had nothin' but wind to eat for three days now and it's makin' me lean, too.—Indianapolis Journal.

Equivocal.

Ruth—Would you marry a man just because he was rich?

Kitty—What's the matter with his marrying me?—Detroit Free Press.

Easy to Tell.

How do I know when a man's a crank? It is very easy to tell, said he; I always place a man in that rank

Of men when he doesn't agree with me.—N. Y. Press.

Defined.

Mrs. Polticks—Tom, what is the distinction between a "gerrymander" and an "apportionment of political districts?"

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Brakeman—I wonder, while these train robbers are about it, that they don't go through the people in the sleepers.

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THE MODERN DAILY NEWSPAPER.

A choice assortment of advertisements and holes after the coupon flend gets through with it every morning.

An Unkind Reply.

"Do you know," said Miss Prim to Miss Giddey, "that people are beginning to talk about your actions with Mr. Codling?"

"I don't believe it," replied Miss Giddey. "It's all your imagination; and you forget that you were young yourself once."—Judge.

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